For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'l hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit.*

Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eie,
When euery thing ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames. *Exit.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince? Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling?* Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he go about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

was. I will get *Peter Quinc*
it ſhall be call'd *Bottomes D*
tome; and I will ſing it in
the Duke. Peraduenture, t
ſhall ſing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flut

Quin. Haue you ſent to *B*
yet?

Flute. He cannot be hea
ported.

Thiſ. If he come not, th
forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible
thens, able to diſcharge *Pir*

Thiſ. No, he hath ſimply
man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt
mour, for a ſweete voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Para
vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Sn

Snug. Maſters, the Duk
and there is two or three
If our ſport had gone forw

Thiſ. O ſweete bully *Be*
a day, during his life; he
day. And the Duke had
playing *Piramus*, Ile be ha
it. Sixpence a day in *Piram*

Enter

Bot. Where are theſe L

Quin. Bottome, ô moſt
houre!